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A Fawcett Publication

AUG.
NO. 51

Monte Hale

WESTERN

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GUN-SMOKING WESTERN
ACTION STARRING

MONTE HALE

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A "POPSICLE" YOUTH AWARD



PATRICK O'HARE
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI





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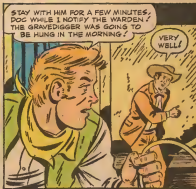
IN A PRISON CELL UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE HANG-MAN'S NOOSE...

I'LL BEAT DEATH AGAIN AND ESCAPE TO KILL MONTE HALE, THE ONLY MAN THAT EVER BESTED ME--THE GRAVEDIGGER!

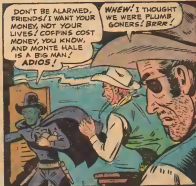
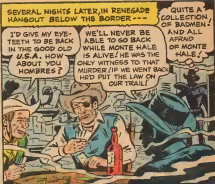
STOP THAT NOISE, GRAVEDIGGER! YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE WHILE I'M WATCHING YOU! GO TO SLEEP!

WE'LL SEE, YOU FOOL! WE'LL SEE AND MIGHTY SOON, TOO!

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A FEW DAYS LATER, AS MONTE HALE, FIGHTING TROUBADOR OF THE RANGE, RIDES HIS CAREFREE WAY ALONG THE BORDER...

I RECKON THIS IS THE LIFE, PARTNER! RAMBLING DOWN THE TRAIL ALL PEACEFUL AND EASY-LIKE, SLAPPING AT MY OLD GUITAR!



SUDDENLY!

AN ARROW! WHOA, PARD, OLD BOY!

THUD!



NOT A SIGN OF THE VARMINT WHO JUST CUT LOOSE AT ME WITH THAT ARROW! THIS IS MIGHTY STRANGE!



I AM TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ARROW! I MAY BE ABLE TO TELL BY ITS WAR HEAD WHAT TRIBE MADE IT!



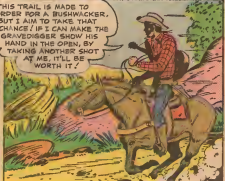
NO INDIAN MADE THIS ARROW! THAT LITTLE BLACK COFFIN WITH MY NAME ON IT! THIS IS THE CALLING CARD OF THE GRAVEDIGGER!

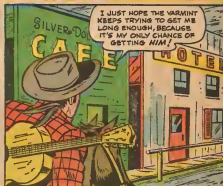
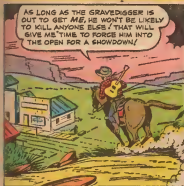
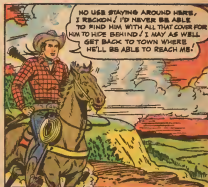


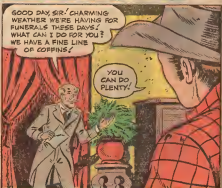
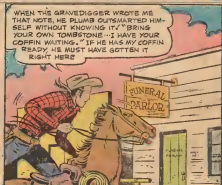
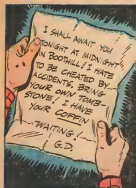
GET GOING, PARD! THE GRAVEDIGGER MUST HAVE BROKEN OUT OF JAIL, AND IS OUT TO KILL ME AS HE SWORE HE WOULD!

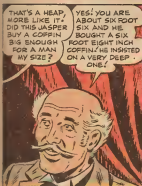


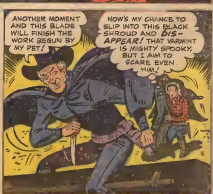
THIS TRAIL IS MADE TO ORDER FOR A BUSHWACKER, BUT I AIM TO TAKE THAT CHANCE! IF I CAN MAKE THE GRAVEDIGGER SHOW HIS HAND IN THE OPEN, BY TAKING ANOTHER SHOT AT ME, IT'LL BE WORTH IT!









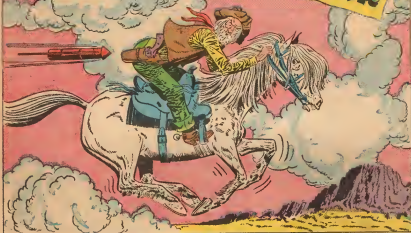




GABBY HAYES

THERE IS AN EXPLOSIVE ADVENTURE,
 FULL PACKED WITH DYNAMITE! YOU
 MAY LAUGH, BUT GABBY HAYES DIDN'T—
 IN FACT, HE NEARLY BLEW HIS TOP!

Gabby's BIG BLAST!



GABBY HAYES, FOREMAN OF THE BAR
 NOTHING RANCH, PREPARES TO
 EXAMINE A DRY WELL WITH THE
 ASSISTANCE OF AUNT HESTER.

NOW LET ME DOWN
 SLOW, HES!



BUT A VISITOR TAKES HESTER'S
 MIND OFF HER WORK.

HOWDY,
 HESTER!

ULP! OH, WANI YOU
 GAVE ME QUITE A START!

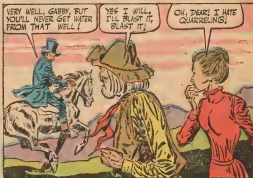
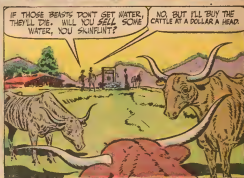
WHURRR!
 CRASH!
 CRANK!
 PLOP!

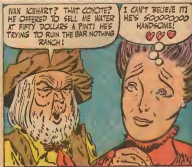
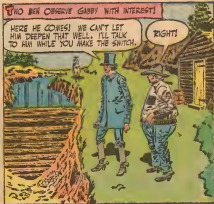


GRRR!



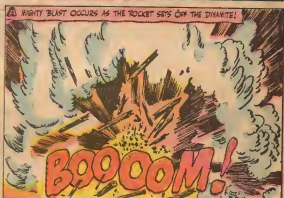
THUMP!



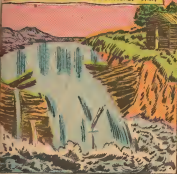




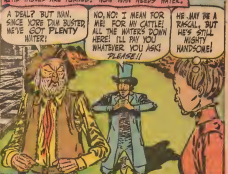
BUT ONE OF THE ROCKETS ZOOMS
STRAIGHT TO THE DYNAMITE
HIDDEN AT IVAN (CHART)'S DAM!



WATER ROARS FROM THE SHATTERED DAM!



THE TABLES ARE TURNED! NOW IVAN NEEDS WATER!



RED SWIFT Leaps for Life!

RED -
HE'S GOING OVER
THE FALLS!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM -
THOSE ROCKS-THAT'S THE ANSWER

HELP!

I'LL JUMP FOR IT! CAN YOU BALL BANDS
LET'S SEE THAT SPRING OF YOURS

NOW! - MUST BE
20 FEET ACROSS

A BITCH-KICK'LL
DO IT!

BOY!
LOOK AT
HIM GO!

OH YOU BALL BANDS
I REALLY NEED THAT
GRAB-GRIP NOW!

HELP!
I'M GOING UNDER!

TAKE IT EASY
I'VE GOTCHA!

GEE!
WHAT A
JUMP!
HOW DID YOU
DO IT RED?

LOOK FOR THE **RED BALL**
... AND LEARN THIS TRICK

TRADE
MARK

THAT'S THE SECRET, FELLAS. LOOK FOR
THE **SPORT SHOES** WITH THE **RED BALL**
ON THE SOLE - FOR **SPECIAL ARCH-GARD**[®]
SUPPORT - FOR REAL GOOD SPRING AND
TRAINING FOR LOTS OF GOOP. PERFECT FOR
THE EXTRA COORDINATED JUMPING TRICK,
INSTEAD OF HOUSING THAT OUT IN FRONT
KEEP SCISSOR-KICKING AROUND FOR ALONG

BALL-BAND

MADE IN U.S.A. RUBBER & WOOD WIPES CO. MOUNTAIN VIEW, INDIANA

ARCH-GARD[®] GUARDS YOUR
HEEL AT 3 VITAL POINTS

1. CUSHIONS YOUR LANDING
WITH FOAM WASHERS
AND JUMPERS
2. CORRECTS HEEL LANDING
SHOCK OF BOUNCING
3. JUMPERS - YOUR
NEW SPRING - ARCH
FOR GOOD NEW COORDINATE
AT THE POINT
OF YOUR FOOT



WOW!
WATCH YOUR SHOES IN
BALL-BAND jets
WITH
BUSHKOOLOPPERS

NEW! MOVING AS YOU WALK...
NEW! TO WASH CLEAN - JUST WIP
NEW! TONGUE-UPPERS LAST AS
LONG AS SOLES

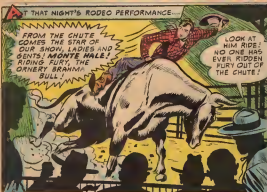
MONTE HALE

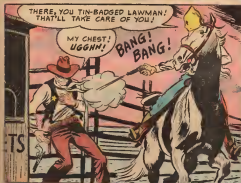
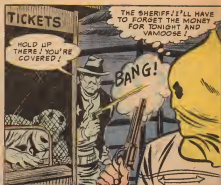
AND The RODEO MENACE

When MONTE HALE did an old pal a favor by starring in a rodeo show, he expected some death-defying thrills! But Monte found that wild brahma bulls and broncs were child's play compared to the sinister killer who murderously stalked the rodeo!

MONTE HALE IS LEISURELY RIDING THROUGH THE TOWN OF HIGH ROCK WHEN

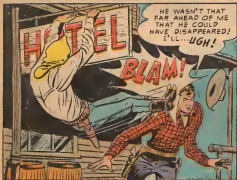






AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FROM MONTE'S HOTEL ROOM ACROSS THE STREET.....





STAGGERING FROM THE FOUL BLOW, MONTE TURNS TO FACE HIS OPPONENT.....



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER.....

MY FACE FEELS AS IF A HERD OF MUSTANGS HAD BEEN STEPPING ON IT! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY I NOTICED! I MUST TELL RED!



IN RED STUART'S ROOM, MONTE EXPLAINS.....

RED, I KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE YELLOW-HOODED KILLER! IT'S VANCE WALKER! THE BLOW ON THE SIDE OF MY FACE MADE ME GROGGY, BUT AS I TURNED I HAD A FLASH VIEW OF HAMMERED, GOLD-TIPPED BOOTS!



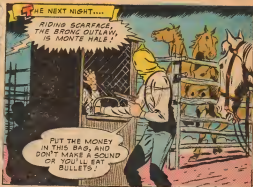
IF VANCE IS DESPERATE FOR MONEY, HE'LL TRY TO ROB YOU AGAIN--AND SOON! I HAVE AN IDEA HOW TO TRAP SENOR WALKER! TOMORROW NIGHT ANNOUNCE MY ENTRY IN THE RODEO, BUT HAVE SOMEONE ELSE TAKE MY PLACE, FOR I'LL BE HIDING IN THE CASHIER'S BOOTH WAITING FOR THE COYOTE!



THE NEXT NIGHT...

RIDING SCARFACE, THE BRONG OUTLAW, IS MONTE HALE!

PUT THE MONEY IN THIS BAG, AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND OR YOU'LL EAT BULLETS!



THAT'S ALL THE DINERO I HAVE!

HE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME! VANCE MUST BE DESPERATE FOR FUNDS!



SECONDS LATER...

ALL RIGHT, VANCE WALKER! GET OFF YOUR HORSE!

MONTE HALE! HE'S STANDING JUST BEHIND ME! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DIS MY RIGHT SPUR INTO LIGHTNING AND...



...HE KICKS BACK LIKE THAT!

UFFF!

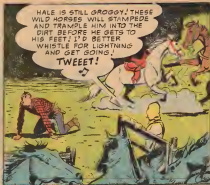


FROM THE WILD HERD PEN WHERE HE HAS BEEN STATIONED, PARTNER MAKES A FLYING LEAP WHEN HE SEES HIS BELOVED MASTER BEING THREATENED...



...AND ATTACKS WITH SUCH FURY THAT VANCE IS UNSEATED!





LASHES OF THE WEAVER MUSTANG LASHES MONTE WITH SEARING PAIN! MEANWHILE, PARDNER STANDS HIS GROUND, TRYING TO TURN THE HERD BACK INTO THE PEN!



VANCE HAS A GOOD HEAD START! PROBABLY HEADING FOR THE BORDER, SINCE HE GOT AWAY WITH THE MONEY! I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HEAD HIM OFF IF I CUT ACROSS DEVIL'S RIVER!



LATER, AT THE EDGE OF DEVIL'S RIVER, AN INFERNO OF SWIFT CURRENTS AND KNIFE-SHARP JUTTING ROCKS.....



PARDNER, IF WE DON'T MAKE THAT LEDGE ON THE OTHER SIDE WE'RE GONERS! WE'LL NEVER SURVIVE A FALL INTO DEVIL'S RIVER!

YOU MADE IT, PAL! NOW WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO OVERTAKE VANCE!



PARDNER COMMANDS ALL THE SPEED HE CAN MUSTER, AND A WHILE LATER.....



MONTE HALE!

SURPRISED, WALKER? I BEAT YOU HERE BY TAKING THE SHORT CUT ACROSS DEVIL'S RIVER!

I COULDN'T SHOOT YOU AT THE RODEO, HALE! BUT THERE'S NO ONE HERE TO HEAR THE SHOT! NOW I'LL MAKE SURE YOU'RE DEAD!



WHAM!



YOUR SECOND SURPRISE COMING UP! THIS IS TO SHOW YOU THAT ONE CAN WIN BY FIGHTING FAIR AND SQUARE! I COULD HAVE BEATEN YOU TO THE DRAW, WALKER, BUT I PREFER IT THIS WAY!

GUESS YOU WON YOUR FIGHT TOO, PARDNER! THAT ALBINO DOESN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF FACING YOU AGAIN! WELL, THE NEXT THING FOR US TO DO, PARD, IS TO DROP THIS MANGY VARMINT AT THE JAILHOUSE!



MONTE HALE

DISPUTED EMPIRE!



RUSTLERS! THEY'RE MAKING OFF WITH THE BEST OF MY HERD, BOB!

YOUR HERD! SINCE WHEN? I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU EAT THOSE WORDS!

BANG! BANG!

TOM DUKE was the ruler of a vast cattle empire that had been won by sweat and toil! Someday his lands would belong to his two sons, **BOB** and **JEFF DUKE**... youths who had always fought each other from earliest childhood! When Tom died it was **MONTE HALE**'s job to act as peacemaker to the battling brothers and their **DISPUTED EMPIRE**!



WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN! ESPECIALLY WHEN THE BRONC-BUSTER IS **MONTE HALE**!



STEADY, BOY! STEADY THERE!

HERE'S ANOTHER MUSTANG FOR YOU, HANK! HE'S PRETTY WELL GENTLED!

THANKS, MONTE! A FELLOW JUST RODE UP FROM TOWN AND BROUGHT THIS MESSAGE FOR YOU.



MONTE'S SINEWY FINGERS UNFOLD THE PAPER.



IT'S BAD NEWS, HANK! THERE WAS A FIRE AT THE DUKE RANCH, AND OLD TOM DUKE WAS LOST IN THE BLAZE! HE WAS A VERY FINE MAN!

TOM DUKE DEAD, EH? THAT MEANS THE RANCH'LL GO TO HIS SONS, BOB AND JEFF!

BOB AND JEFF HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO GET ALONG TOGETHER! WHEN THEY GET TO DIVIDING UP THAT BIG RANCH, THERE'S BOUND TO BE A RUCKUS! RECKON I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE A RIDE—TO SEE WHETHER I CAN STOP THE FIREWORKS!



MONTE HALE HAS KNOWN THE DUKE FAMILY FOR MANY YEARS! AND SO, AS HE URGES PARDNER DOWN THE TRAIL, HIS THOUGHTS GO BACK...

WHY, EVEN WHEN BOB AND JEFF WERE LITTLE SPROUTS, THEY WERE ALWAYS SCRAPPING! I REMEMBER ONCE, WHEN THEY FOUND A JACK-KNIFE, THEY FOUGHT OVER IT...



...AND WOUND UP WITH FOUR BLACK EYES...



...TWO APIECE!

...AND LATER, WHEN THEY BEGAN TO GO OUT WITH GIRLS...

...THEY FOUGHT AGAIN! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THEY KNEW TO SETTLE ARGUMENTS!

OUT OF MY WAY, CACTUS-HEAD! I'M TAKING SALLY ANN HOME FROM THE SQUARE DANCE!

LIKE BLAZES YOU ARE! I'M TAKING HER HOME!



IT'S BOB AND JEFF DUKE - SCRAPPING AGAIN!



SINCE THEY WERE KIDS, THEY HAVEN'T STOPPED FEUDING! I WONDER WHAT IT'LL BE LIKE, NOW THAT TOM'S DIED, AND LEFT THEM THAT HUGE RANCH! I SURE HOPE THEY CAN LEARN TO PULL TOGETHER!



THERE'S DEVIL'S GULCH NOW! THE BOYS ARE PROBABLY IN THE COURTHOUSE WITH JUDGE SIMMONS... FINDING OUT WHAT THEIR FATHER'S WILL CONTAINED!



BUT IN THE COURTHOUSE, JUDGE SIMMONS HAS A DIFFICULT TASK!

JEFF AND BOB, I'VE GOT SERIOUS NEWS FOR YOU! IN THE FIRE THAT TOOK YOUR FATHER'S LIFE, HIS WILL SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN BURNED UP, TOO! WE HAVE NO RECORD OF HOW HE WANTED TO DISPOSE OF THE RANCH!

NO RECORD, JUDGE? THAT'S EASY! I'LL TELL YOU HOW WE'LL SPLIT THE RANCH!





WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, JEFF?

I'LL TAKE ALL THE LAND BEYOND GILA BEND... PLUS THE SMOKY HILLS GRAZING LAND! BOB CAN HAVE WHAT'S LEFT!

THE GILA BEND AND SMOKY HILLS GROUND ARE WORTH TWICE THE REST OF THE RANCH! YOU GRABBING VARMINT, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CHEAT ME OUT OF MY SHARE OF DAD'S LAND!

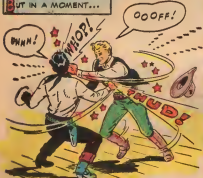


CALL ME A VARMINT, EH? A CHEAT?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND IT ISN'T HALF STRONG ENOUGH!

BOYS, LET'S SETTLE THIS PEACEABLY!

BUT IN A MOMENT...



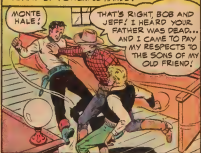
OOOFF!

POW!

WHOP!

THUD!

THEN A LITHE, GIANT FORM STREAKS THROUGH THE DOOR, AND THE BOYS ARE FLUNG APART BY POWERFUL HANDS!



MONTE HALE!

THAT'S RIGHT BOB AND JEFF! I HEARD YOUR FATHER WAS DEAD... AND I CAME TO PAY MY RESPECTS TO THE SONS OF MY OLD FRIEND!

AND WHAT DO I FIND? YOU TWO, SQUABBLING LIKE A PAIR OF YELLOW COYOTES, FIGHTING... WITHOUT A PARTICLE OF DECENCY OR SHAME!

G-GOSH, I'M SORRY, MONTE! BUT HE CAN'T CALL ME NAMES AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

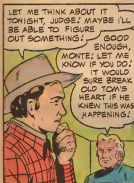
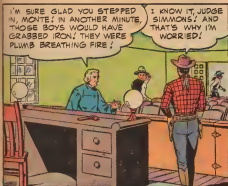
I'M SORRY, TOO! BUT HE TRIED TO CHEAT ME!



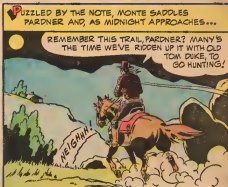
THAT'S ENOUGH! I WANT TO TALK TO THE JUDGE ABOUT THIS! YOU TWO CLEAR OUT OF HERE! BUT DO IT SEPARATELY! IF YOU STICK WITH EACH OTHER, YOU'RE BOUND TO START SCRAPPING AGAIN!



ALL RIGHT, MONTE!



AS MONTE ENTERS HIS HOTEL ROOM THAT EVENING...



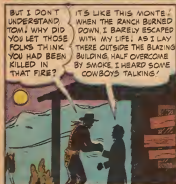


SLOW THERE, BOY! SOMEONE'S WAITING FOR US IN FRONT OF THE LODGE!



IT'S—NO! IT CAN'T BE! YOU LOOK LIKE TOM DUKE! BUT HE'S DEAD!

NO MONTE! IT'S ME ALL RIGHT! AND I'M NOT A GHOST, EITHER!



BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, TOM! WHY DID YOU LET THOSE FOLKS THINK YOU HAD BEEN KILLED IN THAT FIRE?

IT'S LIKE THIS MONTE! WHEN THE RANCH BURNED DOWN, I BARELY ESCAPED WITH MY LIFE! AS I LAY THERE OUTSIDE THE BLAZING BUILDING, HALF OVERCOME BY SMOKE, I HEARD SOME CONBOYS TALKING!



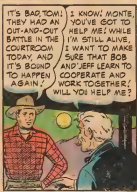
"THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT MY SONS..."

RECKON OLD TOM DUKE WAS TRAPPED IN THERE! POOR TOM MUST BE DEAD BY NOW!

THAT'LL MEAN THAT BOB AND JEFF WILL INHERIT THE SPREAD! I'LL BET A PLUGGED CARTWHEEL THAT THEY'LL BE FEUDING INSIDE OF A DAY! THOSE RANNIES JUST CAN'T GET ON TOGETHER!



I WAS AFRAID THAT WHAT THEY SAID WAS TRUE! AND I DECIDED THAT IF I LET FOLKS THINK I DIED IN THE FIRE, IT WOULD GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WITH BOB AND JEFF! AND FROM WHAT I HEAR...

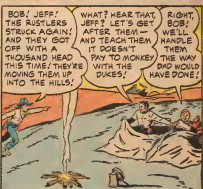
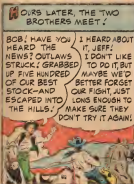
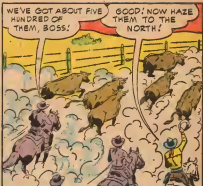


IT'S BAD, TOM! THEY HAD AN OUT-AND-OUT BATTLE IN THE COURTROOM TODAY, AND IT'S BOUND TO HAPPEN AGAIN!

I KNOW! MONTE, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE, I WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT BOB AND JEFF LEARN TO COOPERATE AND WORK TOGETHER! WILL YOU HELP ME?



I'LL TRY, TOM! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MAY JUST WORK! HERE'S THE WAY IT GOES...



THIS TIME, UNITED IN A COMMON CAUSE, THE BROTHERS RACE INTO THE HILLS, GALLOPING SIDE BY SIDE!

SEE THEIR TRACKS! WERE WE CLOSE BEHIND THEM, JEFF! I'M WITH YOU, PAL!



LOOK! THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT CANYON! THAT MUST BE WHERE THEY HID THE CATTLE FROM THE FIRST RAID!

LUMBER UP YOUR SHOOTING IRONS, MEN! LOOKS AS IF THERE'LL BE A FRACAS!



THERE THEY ARE! THE CONNING VARMINTS!

BLAST THEM!



BUT THEN, FROM THE LIMB OF THE SPREADING OAK...

HOLD ON, BOYS! DON'T SHOOT, UNTIL YOU FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

IT'S MONTE HALE! WHAT TH—?



THAT'S RIGHT! MONTE HALE AND SOMEONE ELSE—YOUR FATHER!

DAD! YOU'RE ALIVE! THEN—YOU ESCAPED FROM THE BLAZE!

WHY DID YOU LET US THINK YOU WERE DEAD?

TO TEACH YOU BOYS A LESSON—THAT, AFTER I'M GONE, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEARN TO GET ALONG WITH EACH OTHER! AS SOON AS YOU STARTED TO SPLIT UP THE RANCH, YOU BEGAN TO FIGHT! SO MONTE AND I FIGURED OUT A PLAN TO TEACH YOU TO WORK TOGETHER!

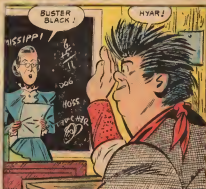
WE CARRIED OUT THESE FAKE CATTLE RAIDS—SO YOU'D FORGET YOUR FEUDING AND WORK TOGETHER!

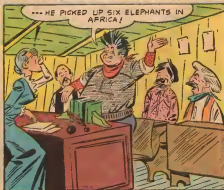
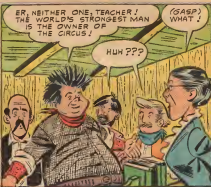
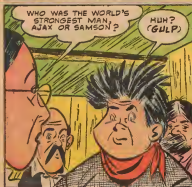
IT CERTAINLY WORKED, MONTE! I'LL SWEAR NEVER TO FIGHT WITH JEFF AGAIN!

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, WHEN THE RANCH IS FINALLY OURS—I WON'T WANT TO SPLIT IT UP AT ALL! I SAY, LET'S RUN IT AS PARTNERS!



BOISTEROUS BUSTER





Get this Official "Rocky" Lane Posse Shoulder Patch

only **10¢**

WITH ONE LABEL
FROM CARNATION
MALTED MILK

"ROCKY" LANE—Star of Salt Lake Raiders.
Don't miss this thrilling new
Republic Pictures production.

• Brilliant colors
withstand at least
10 to 15 washings

Wear it
"charismatic" on
shoulder patch



Looks swell on
sweaters, scarves
and handkerchiefs

Wear it on
shorts, T-shirts
or play suits



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for your caps
and hats



Perfect on
light colored
dresses,
blouses
and aprons



Actual Size—Actual Colors

Amazing New Kind of Patch

Applied in seconds to any light
colored garment by magic new
hot iron method. Apply directly
on garment without sewing. Or
iron it on piece of cloth and have
mother sew it to your clothes.

"IT'S A BEAUTY," SAYS "ROCKY"!

"It tells at a glance you're a pal
of mine. Make your friends envious.
Be the first in your gang to wear
my official Posse Shoulder Patch.
And say, pardon, we hard ridin'
posse members got to have plenty

of energy. So fuel up regularly
with my favorite... Carnation
Malted Milk. Make 'em right at
home—easily, quickly, often. Tell
Mom to get Carnation Malted Milk
at her grocer's today. And send for
my official "Rocky" Lane Posse
Shoulder Patch right away."

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FAVORITE!



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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Patches! IMPORTANT — BE SURE TO ORDER ENOUGH
PATCHES FOR SEVERAL GARMENTS! (For each patch I enclose
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RIDE THE IRON HORSE

A "Gray Hawk" Story

By Dick Kraus

GRAY HAWK and his friend, Swift Deer, crept to the edge of the cliff and peered over.

Far below the two Indian youths, along a path of brown earth that seemed to have been chopped out of the forest slope, ran two gleaming iron rails. The rails wound along the side of the slope, went around a sharp curve, and then were lost from sight in the forest trees.

"Do you see?" asked Gray Hawk. "It is just as I told you. These are the prints of the Iron Horse. They are what the white man calls the railroad tracks." He stumbled over the last words, and repeated them again slowly. "The railroad tracks!"

Looking down at the newly laid rails, Swift Deer shook his head from side to side in wonder.

"The Iron Horse! I have heard of this magic creature," he said, "but never have I seen one. Do you think it is safe for us to be here? If one comes along . . . will it not see us . . . and devour us? All the Otapi youths fear it!"

Gray Hawk's bronzed face broke into a smile, and he shook with silent amusement.

"No," he said. "The Iron Horse is made by the white men to carry them . . . and it does their bidding." Then his face grew serious. "The bad thing about it is that the men who built it . . . and the men who ride on it . . . all need food! And they have been slaughtering our game without mercy—killing the deer in the forest and the buffalo on the plain."

His sinewy hand gripped into a fist.

"This must stop," he said, "or there may be trouble between our people, the Indians, and the white man. I have heard my father say it!"

Suddenly, Gray Hawk rose. "Come," he said. "Let us walk along here, above the tracks of the Iron Horse. Let us see where they lead . . ."

Side by side, the two boys clambered along the steep slope that overhung the winding

railroad tracks. Across the open land they followed it, and then through a pine forest through which a path had been cut. Then, as they came out upon a boulder-strewn stretch of land, Gray Hawk pointed ahead.

"Look! Look there," he muttered. "There has been a landslide down the face of the cliff! Great rocks have fallen upon the iron tracks . . . and broken them! There is no path there for the Iron Horse to ride upon!"

It was true! Several huge boulders had been loosened by rain and, falling, had broken away a few yards of track. This had happened at a point past the sharp bend of a curve in the rails, so the engineer of a train moving at normal speed would not see the break until he was almost upon it.

Realizing this, Gray Hawk frowned.

"This is bad," he mused. "If the Iron Horse is galloping at full speed . . . and it goes around that curve, it will go off the rails! It may turn over . . . and the white men on it will be hurt. Some may be killed!"

Swift Deer shrugged his shoulders. "What if they are? Maybe then they will not come into our land—put tracks through our forests and kill our game. Maybe then there will not be the trouble you spoke of! It is good this has happened!"

"No!" Gray Hawk shook his head with sudden resolve.

"This is not the way to bring about peace between our people and the white man! We must help them—we must warn them . . . somehow!"

All at once, the son of the Otapi chief tensed. His keen ears had caught a sound. It was the distant whistle of an approaching train. Now he could hear a faint metallic rumble along the rails. His face grew grim. "The Iron Horse is coming!" he exclaimed. "We must tell the men on it that there is great danger ahead!"

Swiftly, Gray Hawk considered the possibilities. He could clamber down to the track,

and, by waving his arms bring the train to a stop before it reached the curve where death waited. But maybe that would not work! The riders of the Iron Horse might suspect a trap, and might press through at redoubled speed. There would have to be another way.

Gray Hawk hit his hand against his thigh. There was another way. "Swift Deer, are you with me?" In answer, the other boy nodded. "All right," Gray Hawk went on, "we will go to the edge of the cliff, just above where the Iron Horse will pass. And there we will wait!"

Hurriedly, the two boys made their way to where the cliff overhung the rails. There they crouched.

Seconds passed, then minutes, and all the time the sound of the approaching train grew louder and louder.

Suddenly, it appeared, coming around a bend toward Gray Hawk and Swift Deer! It was huge and shiny black, and it made a great clanking noise. White smoke puffed out of the top of its head! In terror, Swift Deer started to flee, but his friend's quick hand held him back. The train passed on the track beneath the boys, swaying from side to side, rushing forward.

"Now!" Gray Hawk rose. "We must leap upon it!" He tensed his muscles and launched himself in a long, smooth leap that landed him on the back of the moving train. Swift Deer hesitated a moment . . . then followed his friend.

"There is no time to waste," gasped Gray Hawk. "We must go forward . . . to warn the driver!"

On hands and knees, the two boys scrambled along the lurching train. Again and again, they were almost thrown from its side . . . but they kept moving forward!

Engineer Jim Le Favre had one hand on the throttle, the other hung at his side. His eyes were glued on the track ahead. This new line through the Indian country was a dangerous stretch; it was filled with bends and bad grades, and there was always the possibility of an ambush.

Suddenly, the trainman heard a strange sound behind. It sounded almost like a call—a warning cry! Whirling, he saw the dusky head of an Indian boy, framed in the window of the railroad cab. The boy was hanging from the top of the train, and he was shouting something that was drowned by the onrushing wind!

"An Injun!" grunted Le Favre. He reached quickly for the rifle that lay in a corner of the cab.

"No! No!" shouted Gray Hawk. "You are in danger. The track is broken. Iron Horse will crash! You must stop it!"

Was the boy telling the truth? The railroad man did not know—but swiftly his hands went to the brake. He set it—hard! There was a long, ear-piercing screeching noise as the long train slid to a grinding, stubborn stop, fighting the pull of the brakes. Foot by foot and inch by inch, it slowed up. At last it was still, steam billowing from its single black smokestack.

Jim Le Favre stared ahead of the train, unbelievably. There, scant yards in front of the cowcatcher, was a jumble of rocks, and the ripped ends of the rail caused by a landslide! If he had ploughed into that at the speed he was going . . . The engineer shuddered.

He climbed down out of the cab and looked up at the two Indian boys who crouched on it. Their arms were folded across their chests. Their faces were impassive.

"Boys," he said slowly, "you just saved my life. Mine and the lives of about twenty other people on this train!"

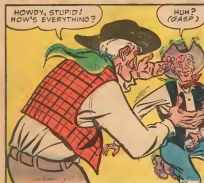
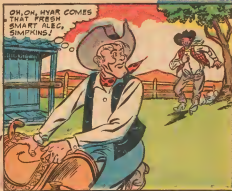
Gray Hawk nodded. "It is well, he said. "We are friends of white man. We have no quarrel with him, except for one thing. My people do not like the way he is wastefully killing our game . . . our deer and buffalo. There may be trouble because of this!"

Jim Le Favre wiped his brow with a grimy neckerchief. "Listen, son," he said. "When word gets back of how you two young ones saved this train—folks in the East are going to be mighty pleased! I happen to know that they're making arrangements to ship cattle herds up from the Southwest for the railroad crews! After this, I promise you they'll hurry that up . . . and you won't have to worry about our slaughtering your herds any more! You've done a good service for your people."

Gray Hawk smiled. But he was not listening any more. He was thinking of how the other Otapi boys would look when he told them that he and Swift Deer had ridden on the back of the feared monster—the Iron Horse! Slowly he began to laugh.

THE END

Follow in each issue of MONTE HALE
the experiences of young GRAY HAWK.



BRONKO
BETSY

NOT THE ARGUING TYPE!

I HOPE YOU'VE
ALL DONE YOUR
HOMEWORK!

OH, YES, TEACHER.

WE'LL SOON
SEE!
BETSY!

YES,
MAMA?

WHAT'S THE SHAPE OF THE EARTH?

ER
ER

--- IT'S
ROUND.

HOW DO
YOU KNOW
IT'S ROUND,
BETSY?

ALL RIGHT,
IT'S SQUARE
THEN---

--- I DON'T
WANT TO START
AN ARGUMENT
ABOUT IT!

118

NA, NA,

77

MONTE HALE'S Cowboy Songs



IN HIS RAMBLINGS THROUGHOUT THE WEST, MONTE HALE HAS HEARD MANY A LONELY COWBOY SAY THAT SOME DAY HE WOULD RETURN TO THE HOME AND MOTHER THAT HE LEFT SO LONG AGO. BUT, SOMEHOW, MONTE ALWAYS KNEW THAT THE COWBOY WOULD NOT GO BACK—THAT HE WAS FATED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS DAYS RIDING THE RANGE --- LIKE THE COWPUNCHER IN THIS FAMOUS WESTERN SONG!



WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

A group of jolly cowboys, discussing plans of ease,
Says one, "I'll tell you something, boys, if you will listen, please.
I am an old cow-puncher and hyer I'm dressed in rags,
I used to be a tough one and go on great big jags.
But I have got a hams, boys, a good one, you all know,
Although I have not seen it since long, long ago.
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all,
Yes, I'm going to see my mother when the work's all done this fall."

That very night this cowboy went out to stand his guard;
The night was black and cloudy and storming very hard.
The cattle they got frightened, and rushed in wild stampede,
The cowboy tried to head them, while riding at full speed.
While riding in the darkness so loudly did he shout,
Trying his best to head them and turn the steers about,
His saddle horse did stumble and on him it did fall,
The poor boy won't see his mother when the work's all done this fall.

He was so badly injured the boys all thought him dead,
They picked him up so tenderly and laid him on a bed.
He opened wide his blue eyes and looking all around
He motioned to his comrades to sit near him on the ground.
"Boys, send my mother my wages, the wages I have earned,
For I am afraid, boys, my lost steer I have turned.
I'm going to a new range, I hear my Mother's call,
And I'll not see my mother when the work's all done this fall."



MONTE HALE

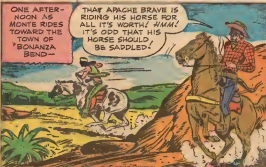
and THE MYSTERY OF THE CALICO HORSE



MONTE HALE HAS SEEN COUNTLESS CALICO HORSES IN HIS TRAVELS! BUT IN BONANZA BEND HE FOUND A CALICO NAG THAT CAUSED THE DEATH OF ONE MAN AND THREATENED THE LIVES OF A DOZEN MORE! RIDE THE GUNSMOKE TRAIL WITH MONTE AS HE UNCOVERS THE MOST INGENIOUS PLOT OF HIS CAREER!

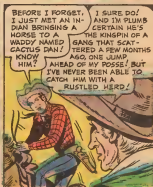
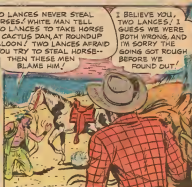
ONE AFTER-NOON AS MONTE RIDES TOWARD THE TOWN OF 'BONANZA BEND—

THAT APACHE BRAVE IS RIDING HIS HORSE FOR ALL IT'S WORTH! *HMM!* IT'S ODD THAT HIS HORSE SHOULD BE SADDLED!



THERE'S A SAYING THAT THE ONLY TIME AN INDIAN *DOESN'T* RIDE BAREBACK IS WHEN HE'S ON A STOLEN HORSE! LET'S HAVE A LOOK, PARDNER!





CACTUS DAN HAS SETTLED IN BONANZA BEND SINCE THE GANG VAMPOOSED! AS LONG AS I CAN KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, HIS FUGITIVE ACCOMPLICES WILL BE AFRAID TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM!

THEY MAY NOT DO IT OPENLY, BUT WHAT'S TO STOP THEM FROM SENDING A MESSAGE?

NOT A CHANCE! THOSE VARMINTS FACE JAIL SENTENCES! NO WADDY WOULD RISK WORKING WITH THEM!

EXCEPT POSSIBLY AN INDIAN WHO DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE OUTLAWS! I THINK I'LL STOP OFF AT THE ROUND-UP SALOON AND HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH CACTUS DAN!

MINUTES LATER--

IT CERTAINLY TOOK TWO LANCES PLENTY LONG TO REACH TOWN! MAKES ME WONDER ALL THE MORE WHY CACTUS DAN WOULD WANT A WIND-BROKEN CALICO NAG LIKE THAT ONE!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

NOW THAT I KNOW WHERE CACTUS DAN STANDS WITH THE LAW, THERE'S A CHANCE TWO LANCES MAY BE BRINGING HIM WORD FROM HIS GANG! I'M GOING TO SLIP UP THERE AND FIND OUT!

YOU SAY THE GENTS WHO GAVE YOU THAT HORSE WERE CAMPING? ARE YOU SURE YOU REMEMBER THE SPOT?

ME SAVVY PLACE! MEN SAY TWO LANCES GET SOMETHING FOR BRINGING HORSE TO YOU!

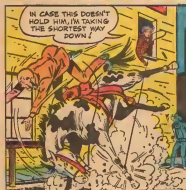
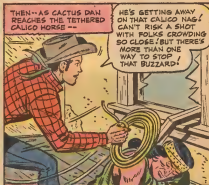
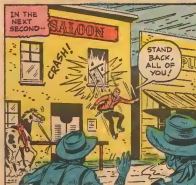
THAT'S RIGHT, REDSKIN! HERE'S WHAT YOU'RE GETTING!

BANG!

YOU SHOULD HAVE MADE SURE THERE WERE NO WITNESSES AROUND, YOU COYOTE, BECAUSE YOU'RE GETTING A ROPE!

OWW!

MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE REMOVES THE CALICO HORSE'S SADDLE!

HMM! NO SIGN OF A MESSAGE! YET IT'S CLEAR THAT IN SOME WAY, CACTUS DAN'S ACCOMPLICES USED THIS HORSE AS A MEANS OF GETTING IN TOUCH WITH HIM!



IN THE ROUNDUP SALOON...

WILL IT HELP ANY TO GET A DOCTOR FOR TWO LANCES?



AFRAID NOT, MONTE! IT'S A POWERFUL SHAME THIS HAD TO HAPPEN TO HIM! IT'S HARD TO REALIZE NOW THAT ONLY THE OTHER DAY I SAW HIM DRIVING A LOADED TRUCKBOARD OUT OF TOWN FOR SOMEONE!

THE APACHES MAY GET INTO AN UGLY MOOD OVER THIS! PERHAPS TWO LANCES' FAMILY MIGHT TAKE HIS MURDER MORE CALMLY IF I BROUGHT THEM THAT CALICO HORSE AS A GIFT!



LATER--AS MONTE NEARS THE APACHE CAMP--

INDIANS LIKE PIEBALD HORSES-- BUT I HOPE THEY WON'T BE INSULTED WHEN I OFFER THIS PIECE OF BUZZARD BAIT!



MONTE HALE IS OUR FRIEND! WE THANK HIM FOR HIS GIFT! BUT WE ARE NOT SQUAWKS! THE MURDER OF OUR BROTHER, TWO LANCES, CALLS FOR BLOOD!

IF I AM A FRIEND, HEAR MY WORDS! STAY HERE IN PEACE, AND I PROMISE CACTUS DAN WILL BE CAPTURED! DOES THAT SATISFY THE FAMILY OF TWO LANCES?



SUDDENLY--

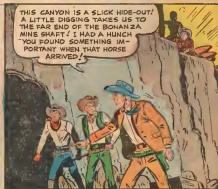
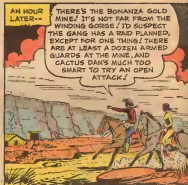
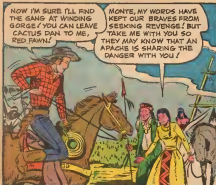
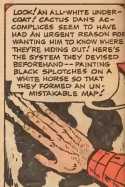
YES, IT DOES! I AM RED FAWN, SISTER OF TWO LANCES! THE LAW OF OUR TRIBE GIVES ME THE RIGHT OF REVENGE, BUT I TRUST THIS PALEFACE TO BRING US JUSTICE!

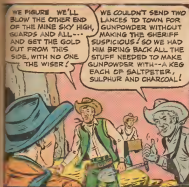


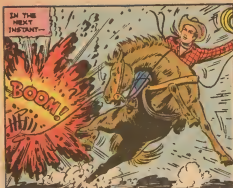
YOUR TRUSTING ME MEANS A LOT, RED FAWN! CACTUS DAN SHOT TWO LANCES TO KEEP HIM FROM REVEALING THE GANG'S HIDE-OUT! MAYBE YOU HAVE AN IDEA AS TO WHERE IT MIGHT BE.

SEVERAL DAYS AGO TWO LANCES DROVE A WAGON LOAD OF SUPPLIES TO A CANYON! WHEN HE RETURNED HE SAID HE HAD MUCH TROUBLE GETTING IT THROUGH BECAUSE OF MANY SHARP TURNS LIKE THIS!











BIGGERN BETTER BUBBLES--

PRICE-A PENNY A PIECE--

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT--

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

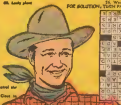


MONTE HALE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

20. Lead a band
21. Bare skin
22. Word meaning end of noble message
23. Persuade to the north
24. Tax measure
25. Part of the verb "to be"
26. Decided refusal
27. To do some
28. Our country
29. Affirmative
30. Race through with a dagger
31. Ruckus
32. Gossamer
33. Candidate for dog tag
34. Living beings
35. Woman's address in charge of flying, sailing, riding, etc.
36. The eye of a seaman
37. Conclusion
38. Balance
39. Lanky plant
40. Tanned person
41. Shaved
42. Wire essential for speaking together
43. Six feet of the angle
44. Wound long being making
45. Poles about ready
46. Friends of the cat
47. The man in charge of the bank
48. Rich sailing boats
49. Joints
50. Sled
51. Cross internationally
52. Government of the United States
53. Severe; able
54. Mark left by a sword
55. Ocean air
56. Wrings hair
57. Savily used by the sea
58. Fisherman
59. Rural author
60. Worker, able

- ACROSS**
1. Cowboy
5. Alpine peaks
9. Tanned
14. Legitimacy
15. Device used for applying artificial respiration
16. The "top" of a submarine
17. Mountains of Central Asia
18. Several editions of a paper with Paul news
21. The letter "f"
22. White women call the hussars
23. Clap
24. Strident leaving
25. Sports athletes who play for money
26. American soldier

- DOWN**
2. Noble
3. Rusty meat
4. Ship's "midnight"
6. People
7. Part of a globe
8. Cry of a sea
9. To see, or discover
10. Fanning out
11. Our mother's sister's able
12. Perfume bag
13. Portage of goods
14. The number who defend and guard the church
16. King's first name (Santa Claus is just)



FOR SOLUTION, TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN!



TROUBLE at GHOST-TOWN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE DAY OUT WEST, THE BOYS AND I WERE EXPLORING A MYSTERIOUS OLD GHOST-TOWN NEAR ROCK CITY, WHEN SUDDENLY...

JIM-- THAT PLANE'S GOING TO CRASH!



OH, BOYS-- WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PILOT OUT BEFORE THE WHOLE PLANE IS FLAMES!



MUST GET-- SERUM-- TO HOSPITAL-- ROCK CITY-- DYING CHILD--

I'LL GET THAT SERUM TO THE HOSPITAL, JIM-- IF I HAVE TO RUN ALL THE WAY!



WHEW! NOT FAR TO GO NOW-- I'M SURE GLAD JIM TOLD ME ABOUT "P-F'S"!



WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F":

HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE SPEED, MORE ENERGY AND REAL FOOT COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION

"P-F" HEADS POSTURE FOUNDATION



FIGURE 1

BOON

LOOK-- BOB'S BACK ALREADY! HE REALLY MUST HAVE SET A NEW SPEED RECORD!



GEE, I HOPE THAT PILOT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

WE WILL, AND-- BOB, SO WILL THAT CHILD IN THE HOSPITAL-- THANKS TO YOUR SPEED IN GETTING THE SERUM TO US!

WELL, FELLAS-- BOB'S "P-F'S" SURE HELPED HIM PLENTY!



FOR EXTRA SPEED ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES. GET YOUR "P-F'S" TODAY!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
B.F. Goodrich and
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ALWAYS THE BEST!

FOR TOP NOTCH READING
EXCITEMENT BUY...

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WESTERN

LASH LARUE
WESTERN

WESTERN HERO

Gabby Hayes
Western

Six-Gun
Heroes

**Cunny
animals**

**SMILEY
BURNETTE**
WESTERN

Rocky LANE
WESTERN

**Monte
Hale**
WESTERN

Bill Boyd
WESTERN

NYOKA
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**CAPTAIN
MARVEL JR**

**The Marvel
Family**

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CASSIDY**

WHIZ
COMICS

Rod Cameron
WESTERN

**Captain
Marvel**

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HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this awesome 10-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can drive this model in any direction so make it go straight! And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this scrappy model! Plans cost only 15 cents, postage! Order Plan No. 282.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch sedan model of the world's most popular automobile - the Chevrolet! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these complete full size plans is as easy as ABC! Plans cost only 15 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 402.

HOW TO ORDER:

Send 15 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number.